

in the dust with sorrow, let the small remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward desolation, and to the world a gazing-stock of wretched misery; but never, never let sacred rightfulness fall; it is immortal, and immortality ought to be preserved. If rightly I have judged, then rightly I have judged mine own chil-dren--unless the name of a child should have force to change the never-changing justice. No, No, Pyrocles and Musidorus, I prefer you much before my life, but I prefer justice as far before you. Your vices have degraded you from being prince and have disannulled your birthright.¹accusing their folly in having believed he could faithfully love who did not love faithfulness, wishing us to take heed how we placed our good-will upon any other ground than proof of virtue, since length of acquaintance, mutual secrecies, nor height of benefits could bind a savage heart, no man being good to other that is not good in himself.² "No doubt consisteth in contempt of peril, in contempt of profit, and in meriting of the times wherein one liveth."³ "The moste damnable vice and moste agayne uistice, in myne oppinion, is ingratitude, commenly called unkyndnesse. All be it, it is in divers fourmes and of sondry importaunce, as it is described by Seneca in this fourme. He is unkynde which denieth to have receyved any benefite that in dede he hathe receyved. He is unkynde that dissimuleth, he is unkynde that recompensest not. But he is moste unkynde that forgeteth."⁴ "More over he that is liberall neglecteth not his

1. Arcadia, p 471.

2. op. cit., p 210 f.

3. Doctrine of English Gentleman, p 95.

4. The Boke Named the Governour, p 186.